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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

PERENNIALS

ANTICIPATION

I see myself meeting you.
I will wear the blue dress—
It is unobtrusive, you cannot dislike it;
And the hat with the flowers—
You once said you liked flowers on a hat.
I have bought new gloves
And pretty shoes that hurt.
Unconsciously I will get to your office,
I will walk up behind you—
Do you know you are getting quite gray?
I say your name quietly;
You swing around in your chair.
While you shake my hand
I feel myself in your arms:
I do not hear your polite, cordial voice say,
“This is indeed a pleasure.”

SPRING DAY

I felt a fool
When you caught me smiling at myself
In the oval mirror;
But later in the day
A six-legged bug,
Taking ten minutes to climb across

Marion Strobel

The muscles of my arm,
Convinced me of my greatness.

ENNUI

If I suck the flame into my mouth,
Will it warm the places
You have left so bare?
I lean over the fire,
Flutter my fingers—
Dare my fingers down toward a spark.
I am cold—and tired:
Push me a little . . . Yes?

LET ME PLAY NET

Let me play net and smash it at his feet,
And laugh to see his racket hit the ground!
Or cut it lightly so it spins
Back toward me,
While his body, like a gargoyle leaning out,
Sprawls toward the net
And hits the mesh!
Or serve, and skim the net to his left side,
And as he pops a backhand futilely
Stroke it again to his left side,
And watch him try to take it on his forehand—
And go down!